EXHIBITIONS AND OTHER MATTERS OF FINE ART

JACQUES CALLOT AND VELASQUEZ

From the Impressionism of Monet to the Latest Fad in Painting.

By ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

The event of the week is the opening of the Architectural League's exhibition, at the Fine Arts Building, where it will continue until the end of the month. Then preparations for the Spring Academy will be begun. The new sales in immediate prospect include one at the Anderson galleries of another collection brought over from Europe. It is that of M. Emile Pares, of Paris and Madrid, and besides early Italian, Flemish and Spanish pictures, includes old carvings and enamels, jewelry and embroideries. The exhibition has just been opened. The sale is set for February 18 and 19. At the American Museum of Natural History there may be seen an important exhibition of photographs of Indians, especially those of the North Pacific Coast, made by Mr. Edward S. Curtis. These photographs continue the series begun some years ago under the auspices of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, one of the most useful enterprises ever supported by his public spirit. The bird pictures by Mr. H. C. Denslow, which have lately been shown at the Museum, are, by the way, still accessible. They have been placed on view at the Katz gallery.

A third exhibition which is not of artistic interest alone, but has something to say to those who care about their country, has been opened at the Macbeth gallery. It consists of paintings made by Mr. Robert V. V. Sewell in South Central Alaska, scenes along the Yukon and in other parts of what he calls "our untrodden empire." At the Haas gallery there are new paintings by Miss Amy Londoner, figure subjects and landscapes. Pen drawings by M. Joseph Pierre Nuyttens are on exhibition at the Braun gallery. They are mostly portraits, among them sketches of King Albert of Belgium, Lord Tennyson, M. Vanni Marcoux and Mme. Pavlowa. The Gimpel & Wildenstein gallery announces an exhibition of portraits and other paintings by Mr. Kenneth Frazier. The Worch gallery, on February 15, will open the first exhibition ever made here by Mr. Augustus Vincent Tack. Hitherto he has been known chiefly as a portrait painter. The forthcoming show will present a series of allegorical subjects.

CITRONS.
(From the painting by Monet at the Durand-Ruel Gallery.)

Claude Monet and His Rebuke for Certain Later Types.

The paintings by Monet which form the current exhibition at the Durand-Ruel gallery cover a period of nearly thirty years. One of them, "La Faise," a lovely study in greys, dates from 1879. Long afterward we find him using the glowing colors of an opal. But from the beginning to the end of the series it is plain that his art has been held together by a very simple purpose. His palette has changed, but not his taste. He has broadened his method, but he has not swerved from its central ideal. How is that ideal to be expressed in words? A scientific conception of impressionism would lead to the conclusion that he had, above all things, sought the truth. In an æsthetic view of the matter it would seem that his leading solicitude was for beauty. A good illustration is provided in the "Citrons" of 1884, a still life painted when he was just beginning to feel his way toward the problems in luminosity which were ultimately to become identified with his fame. He knew then the charm of light. But he knew also—what he has never forgotten—that there is a great charm in the mere art of painting, the mere manipulation of pigment.

This cluster of lemons is a perfect example of the old dictum that a master can do anything he likes with any subject. Monet paints it, to begin with, with a certain sense of composition. The particular cluster of fruit and leafage is well chosen. His next care is to place it well on the canvas, to make something in the nature of a picture out of it, and finally he translates his decorative motive into terms of beautiful color, of drawing and modelling full of spirit and individuality, of brushwork that is personal and interesting. There is a refreshing impression of power conveyed by this painting. It is a thing thrown off by a man who knows his craft—and knows beauty. The special development of his genius is an old story and we need not traverse it in detail to-day. It is enough to say that the collection of eighteen canvases is delightfully varied, bringing out all the nuances of atmospheric quality characteristic of him, all his soft brilliance of color. But otherwise we prefer to dwell upon the beauty in his work, for its own sake and with reference to one or two other exhibitions visible at the moment.

From impressionism we pass to post-impressionism and the various queer manifestations which have come in the train of that dull explosion. From Claude Monet we turn to Mr. Max Weber, at the Ehrich gallery. He, too, is to be studied in a retrospective collection of his works, the record running from 1907 to 1914. The catalogue tells us that much, but in this case the tohering element, if there really is one, is nothing like what we have indicated in touching upon Monet. The pictures themselves we can only describe as a welter of puzzles and ugliness. There be lucky wights, it is true, who are not baffled by them. Mr. Roger Fry, the editor of "The Burlington Magazine," has been "greatly struck" by Mr. Weber's "extraordinary power," and has assured him that he has "understood and absorbed the principles of design in a most remarkable way." The art critic of "The London Times" has published his conviction that while no one could guess even that the picture called "New York" was a representation of a place, it has a logic of its own, like the logic of some scientific diagram. Then to him of "The Daily Telegraph" we are indebted for the information that Mr. Weber "is a born colorist, and altogether a technician of great subtlety." All this is illuminating, of course, especially the invocation to logic, heavenly maid. But just as we begin to sniff the dawn Mr. Weber himself heaves into view with this pronouncement:

> As there is no end to time, so there is no end to art. Time colors art and art in time evolves. Spiritual inerness urges expression of that which is felt and perceived through observation and spiritual contact. There ever come new physical forces and earthly elements that widen and even tax our perception. With these nameless forces new spirit comes. It is the phantasy, the poetry, the spirituality that in these inherent lies that I am trying to reveal in what to me is their most fitting plastic purpose. My hope is to contribute to that which in time ripens and becomes vital.

We will not argue the point. We lack, no doubt, on this subject, the necessary "spiritual inerness." But we would suggest to the reader that after tackling Mr. Weber he go and look at Claude Monet's "Citrons." He will at least realize somewhat more clearly just what it is that Mr. Weber's pictures lack—beauty.

Mr. Marsden Hartley, the hero of a little exhibition at the Daniel gallery, seems to be working out his artistic hypothesis somewhere between the well charted world of Monet and the no-man's land of Mr. Weber. He, too, has, perhaps, a logic of his own, but he has not yet got to the point of suggesting thereby the logic of a scientific diagram. Nature still enforces herself upon his vision. He paints her, usually, at all events, as he sees her, and without any serious admixture of "spiritual inerness." When he does this he can be, now and then, genuinely interesting. Some of his small mountain studies are beautiful in color, and they show, into the bargain, something like power and skill in the broad, synthetic definition of great ground forms. But when he paints a picture like "The Sentinels," we see him wavering in his possibly unconscious allegiance to the old ideals of art. He turns grand, gloomy and peculiar. The truth, at which we do not doubt he is aiming, disappears behind an arbitrary pictorial conception for which we can perceive no rational justification. Once more we go back to Monet, and once more it is for a very simple reason; it is because, in works of art, we care for beauty

The American Water Color Society and Some Travel Notes.

A big exhibition—one of 267 pictures—is made by the American Water Color Society at the National Arts Club. It is not of an interest commensurate to its scale. But it has been judiciously hung and contains enough light, clever work for it to give pleasure. As usual, the landscape notes are numerous and give almost uniform evidence of the sincerity and ability of our American painters in this branch of art. The really salient pieces, such as "The Rocky Pasture" of Mr. W. S. Robinson, Mr. Huffington's poetic "Mysterious Morning," Mr. Dufner's "Springtime," or Mr. Edwards's "Chalk Cliffs of Old England," do not form a very imposing group, but the mass of good work is nevertheless considerable. The single prize offered for competition, that founded by Mr. A. M. Hudnut, has unquestionably been awarded to the best figure piece in the show, Miss Hilda Belcher's "Winifred Hunt." This deftly touched portrait of a child is an engaging little picture, and, what is more to the point, it displays in its vivacious execution a proper understanding of the nature of the artist's medium. It is a good water color. Though there are a few interesting compositions of a more or less formal order in the collection, graceful designs like the "Lamia" of Miss Jessie Arms and Miss Veit's study of a pair of dancers, the more acceptable examples of figure work are to be found among the freer, even trifling, sketches, such as Miss Wyman's "Pavlowa" and Mr. Hartman's "Pearls." Wherever the daintily picturesque motive crops out, daintily handled, the exhibition becomes amusing. We note finally, as excellent productions in various keys, the five or six water colors by Miss Jane Peterson, whose talent is developing with marked rapidity; Mr. G. E. Browne's "Mill Wheel," Mr. Gruppe's "Shell Fishers," and the pictures by Mr. Cecil Jay, Miss Mary Langtry, Miss Louise Mansfield, Mr. E. H. Potthast and Mr. Chauncey F. Ryder. The show lasts until the 25th.

The paintings by Anna Richards Brewster, at the Arlington gallery, record the artist's impressions of travel in Egypt, Italy, Montenegro and other countries. They lose a little of their value, when considered in a body, from the rather too cool light prevailing in them all. Mrs. Brewster adheres in her tones to a key suggesting that she is not particularly sensitive to local color. Yet a picture of hers, isolated and scrutinized for its own sake, has a persuasive quality. She makes a faithful portrait of a place, expressing the main outlines of its physiognomy with a crisp and sufficiently flexible touch. The delicacy of her draughtsmanship forsakes her, oddly, when she deals with architecture; then she is somewhat heavy-handed. Especially to be commended is her faculty for well balanced if not notably original composition. A picture like her "Malaga" discloses not only accurate observation but a workmanlike sense of design.

Works in Sculpture by Mrs. Bryson Burroughs and Drawings by M. Pascin.

There are about forty sculptures in the exhibition which Mrs. Bryson Burroughs is making at the gallery of the Berlin Photographic Company, a collection formed to give a fairly comprehensive view of her talent. She has ideas, and from the figures here displayed, which are to be brought together in a monumental fountain at the Panama exposition, we gather that she knows how to invest a decorative design with a more than purely plastic interest. In pose and gesture, as well as in the expression that hovers around eyes and lips, her Oriental figures point to an unusual gift for characterization. These winning souvenirs of an ingenious fancy do not lead us, however, to the essential quality of her art. That is the quality of a patient realist, getting at the truth in straightforward fashion. Her best work is done in the field of portraiture. There her various busts abundantly illustrate her sympathy and her craftsmanship. They are admirable portraits and they are ably modelled. There are pieces in the show, studies of children and graceful figurines, which draw from their subjects a certain charm. But a truer measure of what Mrs. Burroughs can do is supplied in the busts and in the larger nudes. She needs scale to expose the special virtue of her technique, which is an uncommonly significant simplicity. It falls short of yielding the highest and finest effect. It is perhaps a little self-conscious. The subtler beauties of form escape her to distinction. One can imagine it, in a more supple phase and more richly personalized, carrying Mrs. Burroughs to the mastery of an interesting style. She has, meanwhile, a vitality which arrests attention.

LES SUPPLICES.
(From the engraving by Jacques Callot.)

At this gallery there may also be seen a quantity of drawings by M. Jules Pascin, a Bulgarian satisist of Parisian affiliations. His broad humor and the flashes of delicate drawing and color in his sketches are momentarily entertaining. On the whole he suggests a kind of feebler Rowlandson, with an acrid, decadent note taking the place of the noted Englishman's robust drollery.

Jacques Callot, the Seventeenth Century Engraver, at the Grolier Club.

There are figures in the history of art whose fascination for the collector is in no wise proportioned to their exact place in the hierarchy. Such a figure is the old French engraver, Jacques Callot, whose works have just been made the subject of a remarkable exhibition at the Grolier Club. We call the show remarkable because it is so perfectly representative; no such opportunity to study Callot has ever before arisen in New York. The voluminous collection of plates is full of rarities and of fine impressions. Callot himself we would describe as a minor portent. M. Edmond Bruwaert, in the exhaustive memoir published by the Societe Pour l'Etude de la Gravure Francaise, which lies before us, properly takes his subject with all the seriousness in the world. But neither the personality nor the career which he traverses with such charming devotion can really be galvanized into anything like vivid life to-day. The industrious Lorrainer remains a useful journeyman, amusing as well as useful, but a journeyman just the same.

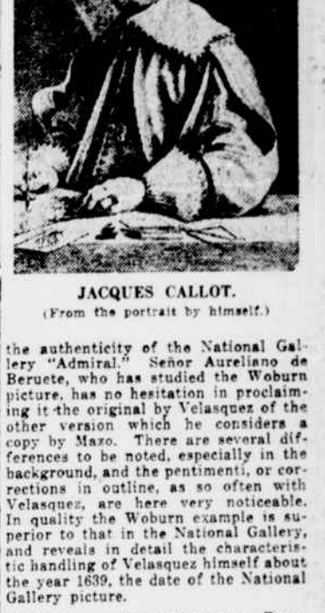
His interest for us lies in his function as a commentator on manners. Like the painter Longhi at a later time in Venice, he made such records of the life of his period as cannot be found anywhere else. Architectural monuments provided him with the material for some of his best plates—we may cite particularly the "Hotel de Ville de Bruxelles" and "Le Pont Neuf," one of his masterpieces—but as both these works clearly show, the French subject perhaps better than the Belgian, a building made a poor picture for him until he had got it well associated with the human figure. He loved to animate his scenes with the social movement of his half courtly, half vagabondish world. French life to him was an absorbing pageant, full of action and color, romantically picturesque, and, we repeat, intensely human. From the vast, generalized spectacle he proceeded to the type, and it would be hard to say in which of the two operations of his art he excelled.

It has always been the fashion to lay stress upon the interest of his smaller plates, the little portraits of roadside waifs and strays. It is through these studies that he has made himself dear to the literary men. Is there an historical novelist—to say nothing of writers in a dozen other fields—who has not used the phrase, "as picturesque as a beggar of Callot's"? But there is really more in his work than the faithful delineation of amusing or pitiful or grotesque old models. He got his subjects into some sort of perspective, enveloped them in something like atmosphere. Whether he shows us soldiers on parade, or the crowd around the scaffold, or rustics frolicking at the fair, or the everyday life on the banks of the Seine, he re-creates, in his quaintly dramatic way, the very spirit of old France. He had skill, plenty of it. He knew how to draw. Sometimes his touch is exquisite. Yet the exhibition at the Grolier Club is not for the connoisseur alone. One does not need to be a lover of prints, one only needs a certain imaginative sympathy, a certain interest in the historic past, to find this collection a joy.

The fruitful activities of the Arundel Club have not been curtailed by the war, a fact of which we are notified in delightful fashion by the arrival from London of the portfolio for 1914. It contains, as usual, twenty superb photogravures from paintings in private hands, hitherto inaccessible to the student. This time, too, there are items in the group of a quite exceptional interest. The "Virgin and Child," by Bronzino, for example, is an addition made to the work of that master only within the last few months. When it was acquired recently at Christie's the sale catalogue gave it to Perino del Vaga. Sir Claude Phillips, in demonstrating that it was painted by Bronzino, performs a service that is doubly valuable, because this Florentine is known chiefly by his portraits, and it is good to be able to increase the number of his religious subjects by a noble composition. There are divers other paintings in the portfolio, Italian, Flemish and Dutch, which invite comment; but the outstanding piece is a portrait of Spanish origin, one reviving an old and peculiarly tantalizing problem. It is the "Admiral Pareja" at Woburn Abbey, the property of the Duke of Bedford.

In 1638 Don Adrian Pulido-Pareja won the great battle of Fuenterrabia, and as a national hero it was inevitable that he should pose for his portrait before Velasquez when he came to Madrid early in the following year. Legend clusters around the canvas. It is said that when Philip encountered it in the studio he took it for the original and exclaimed, with surprise: "What? Are you still here? Have I not already sent you hence? Why do you not go?" Though the anecdote is a little difficult to swallow, there may easily have been some courtly passage between the King and his painter, sufficient to account for its invention. Now, what became of the portrait? When Palomino wrote the earliest reference to it that we know, half a century after it was painted, it was in the house of the Duke of Arcos. And it was this portrait that was long identified as the one which appeared in England in 1828, in the collection of the Earl of Radnor, at Longford Castle. There it remained until 1890, when it was bought, with Holbein's "Ambassadors" and a portrait by Moroni, for the National Gallery. But, if we are to believe some critics, the portrait in the National Gallery was painted, not by Velasquez, but by his son-in-law, Mazo. Where, then, is the original? At this point we may cite the note affixed in the Arundel Club's portfolio to the Woburn Abbey example:

ON THE THRESHOLD.
(From the sculpture by Edith W. Burroughs.)



JACQUES CALLOT.
(From the portrait by himself.)

> The publication of this splendid portrait will lead, it is hoped, to the final settlement of the vexed question about the authenticity of the National Gallery "Admiral." Señor Aureliano de Beruete, who has studied the Woburn picture, has no hesitation in proclaiming it the original by Velasquez of the other version which he considers a copy by Mazo. There are several differences to be noted, especially in the background, and the pentimenti, or corrections in outline, as so often with Velasquez, are here very noticeable. In quality the Woburn example is superior to that in the National Gallery, and reveals in detail the characteristic handling of Velasquez himself about the year 1639, the date of the National Gallery picture.
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> This is a curious deliverance. Beruete, who is quoted as though he were alive, died three years ago in Madrid. In the English edition of his book on Velasquez, which was revised by him and published in 1906, he gives the National Gallery portrait to Mazo; but as to its rival he only says that "another portrait of Pulido-Pareja attributed to Velasquez belongs to the Duke of Bedford" and that "Professor Justi does not believe in its authenticity." Nor does his son, whose book on "The School of Madrid" was published in 1909, and who repeats his destructive criticism of the National Gallery picture, say anything at all about the one at Woburn Abbey. If the elder Beruete is to be cited thus flatly, on such an important point, we ought at least to be supplied with evidence of a more specific character. From the reproductions of the two, which we place side by side to-day, we should judge that the primacy of the National Gallery example is still unshaken. The Beruetes, father and son, are shrewdly persuasive in what they have to say about it, but, for our own part, we have never been able to think that Mazo was quite competent enough to have painted it.

ADMIRAL PAREJA.
(From the portrait in the National Gallery.)

ADMIRAL PAREJA.
(From the portrait at Woburn Abbey.)